

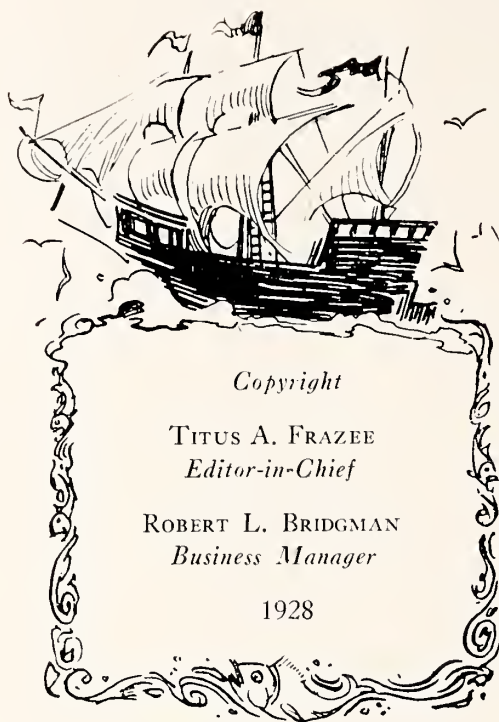


El Serrano

—of—

1928





El Serrano

V O L U M E V

I 9 2 8

Published by the Senior Class
OF NINETEEN TWENTY-EIGHT OF
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
JUNIOR COLLEGE

Dedication

The Spirit of Southern California Junior College is our most worthy dedicatee for the El Serrano of 1928. To that intangible but omnipresent power—Spirit of Southern California Junior College—without which spirit, no class, or school, can attain the heights of success, the depths of fellowship, the feeling of loyalty and Alma Mater Love—to that sublime spirit which leads one to cherish in his inmost soul thoughts of appreciation and adoration of his college, do we sincerely and thoughtfully dedicate this book.

Order of Book

That Spirit of Southern California Junior College

THOSE WHO GRADUATE

THOSE WHO HOPE TO GRADUATE

WE LEARN FROM THESE

DEPARTMENTS

ACTIVITIES

OUR BUSINESS FRIENDS



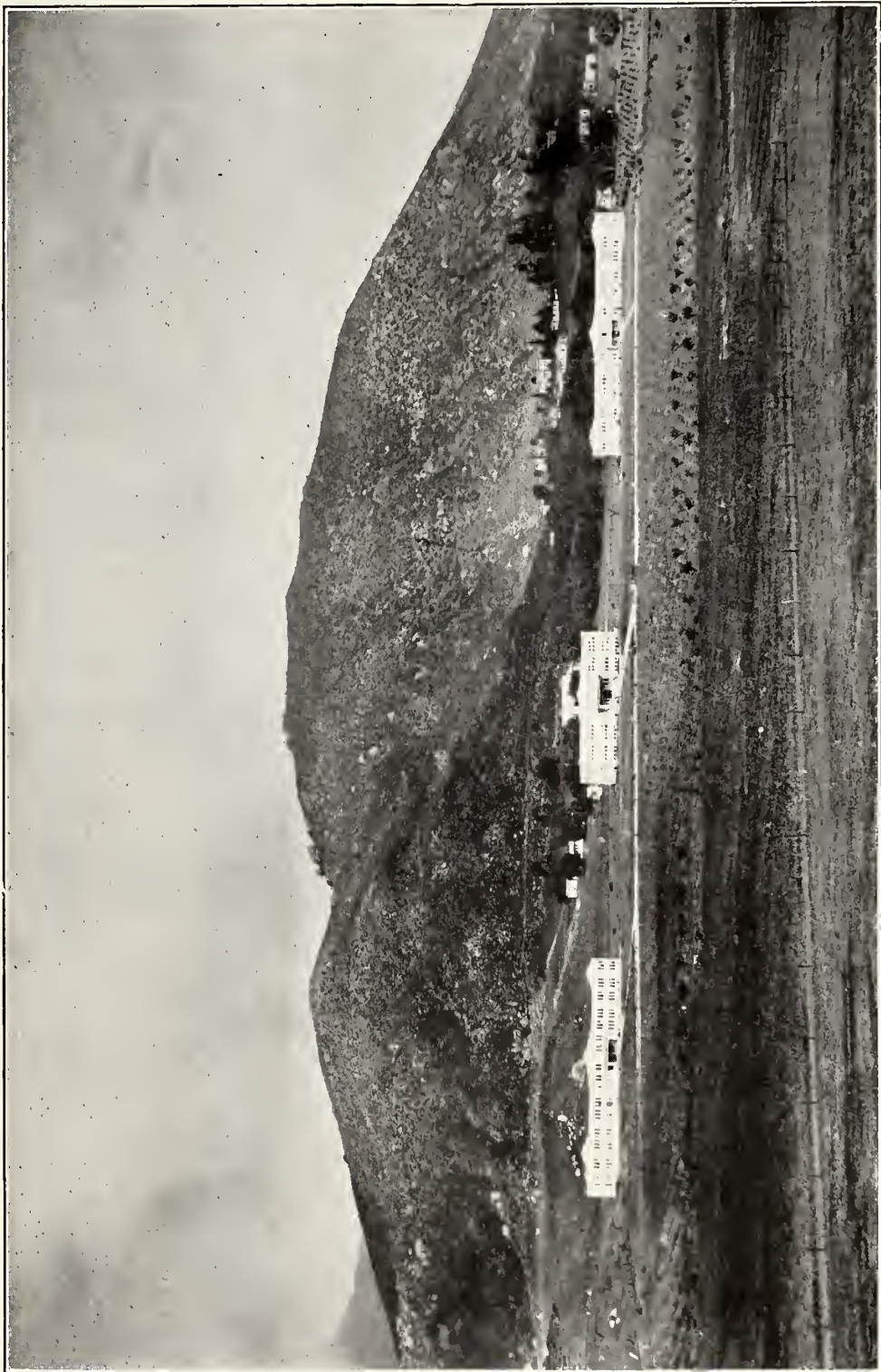
Foreword

To aid those who are to follow in realization that education is not concerned with accomplishment but is an aid toward an harmonious expansion of the physical, the mental and the spiritual nature.

*That
Spirit
of
Southern
California
Junior
College*







MEN'S DORMITORY


ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

LADIES' DORMITORY



"As the Twig Is Bent—"

By RICHARD BROWN

HE sun had set, a blazing, glorious thing, behind the ever-deepening shadows of the hills. The dull, lustreless gray-white of huge boulders showed indistinctly against the dark slopes. Shadows deepened and gathered, merging together until the gloom of night blotted out the gray patches on the hillside. The rugged outline of the hills, a vast sawtoothed shape bulking against the velvety sky, was dimly apparent. Little brilliant, cold stars came out, twinkling pinholes in the curtaining night. From somewhere a cool breeze, scarcely strong enough to stir the flowered curtains at the windows. But the curtains stirred.

A boy sat within. He was new to the school, and the school was new to him. He sighed. It must be admitted that he was experiencing home sickness. He thought of his mother, the patient mother two wide States away, and sighed again, wishing with all his heart that he might be at home. Someone down the hall burst into song, a song that echoed from both ends of the hall. It was a hymn, but it was sung with lusty vigor and could be heard anywhere in the building.

"I was sinking deep in sin,
Far from the peaceful shore—"

The new lad had not heard this song before. He listened rather tiredly to see what the rest of the words were, but the unknown soloist abruptly changed his technique and whistled the rest of the tune. Someone came in the front door and walked the length of the hall downstairs, each step heavily proclaiming and emphasizing the fact that he had worked all day and was very tired.

The boy was lonely, lost for something to do.

He wandered out on the porch. The moon was starting to silver the mountains, capped with snow. It was not quite full and had just thrust a little sliver of its rim over one of the peaks. The boy was not entranced with its beauty, but vague thoughts, many of which he could hardly understand, formed and dissolved in his mind. The moon rose. It was bright and cast queer shadows.

Its poignant beauty pierced the boy's soul. All at once he felt cold and turned to go in.


The inside of the dormitory was quite warm. Oblivious to the jostling stream of boys who were proceeding in the general direction of the boys' parlor, he climbed the stairs and went to bed. After a time he heard a bell ringing downstairs, but attached no importance to it, and soon went to sleep, unwittingly missing the evening worship. The moonlight fell palely on his coverlet; he dreamed; and he tossed and rolled about, tormented even in sleep by the feeling of strange surroundings.

The days slipped into eternity. Weeks piled up; months lay behind him. He was harder, keener, more alive physically and mentally. The poisons of an unwholesome diet had been purged from his system; the vegetarian diet had made his whole

(Continued on page 86)

Why
Is Southern California Junior College?

By LLEWELLYN A. WILCOX

OUTHERN CALIFORNIA has no paucity of educational institutions. Neither are its schools deficient, whether in the scholasticism of their instructors, the efficiency of their methods, or their material advantages in equipment. Of their architecture the state can be proud. In their technical facilities they have everything. And all this offered with free transportation to that young American who will have it, without money and without price.

Why, then, La Sierra, with its unpretentious buildings, its limited equipment, and its tuition charges? There is one reason and one only—*God*. In these splendid schools with their learned faculties and their scientific opportunities, there is a lack, for which nothing material or intellectual, can ever compensate. It is *God*.

The first great goal of life is the discovery of the purpose for which it is. Southern California Junior College exists to teach the meaning of existence. Its chemistry and history and rhetoric are incidental. Its system of education is built upon this—that the truth behind all truth, without which life is purposeless, and knowledge pointless, is *God*.

"We have lost something youth needs; we must find what it is and put it back," says a noted journal of today. It is *God*. It is a positive faith in, and the overmastering conviction of, a personal accountability to a personal God. What youth needs, and education needs, is *God*. Otherwise a Loeb, or a Leopold, or a Hickman! And that's why Southern California Junior College.

We cannot hope to compete with other schools in the teaching of things artistic and scholastic, scientific and materialistic. Nor do we strive to. But we can teach the only thing that can save civilization—the power and the grace of God. We do not minimize one iota the intellectual, but we look upon it as valuable only because it is the means to the end. To seek art for art's sake is to be ignorant of art's object and art's joy. An education that places emphasis upon *things* is false to the aim it pretends to exist for. Therefore Southern California Junior College is a teacher not so much of *things*, as of *men* and *manhood*, of *women* and of *womanhood*.

To dethrone the dollar and enthrone the soul; to save one's life by giving it away to others; to carry out a new and golden rule of grammar reversing the others: First person, God; second person, you; and third person, I; to reckon life's problems by the divine computation: "Reckon it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations," not when you get out; to be more interested in a lion heart than a sheepskin, and to estimate a character more than a career; to live that one may live again—that's why Southern California Junior College.

Southern California Junior College

A BRIEF HISTORY

By THE PRESIDENT



ISTORY is a vital, interesting subject when peopled with the ones involved and visualized by those interested.

Southern California Junior College germinated many years ago as San Fernando Academy, and was fostered by all of California south of the Tehatochepe. It developed as an academy into a vital factor in training efficient workers fired with a missionary spirit and having vision which saw clearly personal responsibility to the work of God.

Time passed and it became necessary to secure a new location that a wider field of usefulness might be developed.

A large tract of land was purchased from Mr. Hole on the La Sierra Rancho, and La Sierra Academy was started on its successful journey as a continuation of the San Fernando Academy.

For five years the La Sierra Academy did good work and set a noble example of what Christian education should do for the youth, for the home and for the work of God.

Early in 1927 by action of Southern and Southeastern California Conferences, and by the action of the Union Conference Committee and of the General Conference Committee, La Sierra Academy became Southern California Junior College.

One year of its existence is in the past, and the blessing of Heaven is resting upon the efforts put forth. The board and faculty and the constituency are determined to make this a Junior College that will uphold the principles of Christian education in every phase and train workers for the great harvest field.

Southern California Junior College was established that a Christian education might be available to the youth of all of Southern California under conditions most favorable, in a location away from the contaminating influences of the large cities, with plenty of land to teach the A B C's of Christian education, agriculture, prepared to teach the youth practical as well as theoretical lessons and above all else to bring the young to the side of the Saviour, place their hands in the hand that was wounded for their transgressions and let them get a mighty inspiration from Him to dedicate their lives to the one and only ambition worthy of any Seventh-Day Adventist youth, a life of unselfish service for those who know not the Saviour.

Southern California Junior College has begun its work, may it never cease or its standards be lowered, or its efforts relaxed, until the great Master Teacher shall say, "It is finished," and the people of God from every nation, kindred, tongue and people shall be ushered into the city of God to continue throughout eternity the work of Christian education.

"They Will Take Care of Themselves"

By PAULINE STURGES

"But—" Bessie hesitated, deeply concerned. "I'm afraid you don't understand just all that it means to be a Seventh-day Adventist, Judy. There's the question of standards, you know."

Judith looked up quickly from the letter she was writing and bestowed a radiant smile on her worried roommate. "That's one thing I don't have to worry about," she said simply, and bent over her letter again.

Bessie, studying her closely, moved uneasily. "But, Judy," she ventured again, "with your folks and everything I think it's going to be more difficult than you think."

Judith pushed back her letter, got to her feet, and stood for a moment regarding her roommate speculatively. When she spoke it was slowly, thoughtfully. "I believe I'll tell you," she said.

Bessie leaned forward eagerly. She had scarcely been able to believe her eyes when she had seen Judy rise joyously to her feet in response to Elder Burton's call, made that day in the college chapel. Judy, standing there triumphantly, her head held high, her blue eyes dark with excitement and happiness. Bessie had caught her breath quickly; she had never before seen anything quite like that—the way Judy looked.

And she still looked that way. There beside the table her eyes were wide with wonder and glorified with happiness. "I'm going to try and make you understand," she went on, "but you mustn't tell anyone else. You know how I've struggled all this week, wanting to accept Christ and believing all the points of your doctrine, but so—well, so hopelessly confused on these questions of standards. Of course I conform to them here in the dormitory, but as far as questions of right and wrong are concerned, I—"

"But Judy," Bessie broke in quickly, "that's just it, I felt—"

"Wait a minute, Bess; give me a chance. That's a dear. Hear me out and then pronounce judgment. Only it won't make any difference what you say, not really. I'm so—unbelievably happy." Judy closed her eyes for a moment and repeated softly, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." She opened her eyes quickly; there was a great wonder in their depths.

"I had no idea that there were such beautiful things in the Bible, and all the time Elder Burton was talking on that text, I was being drawn mightily. Still, I was so worried about these other things—not that I minded giving them up, only I couldn't see that they were important at all. Then he said—I could scarcely believe my ears, but he did say it—'All you need to do is to give yourself wholly to Christ, you need not worry about standards—they will take care of themselves.' Well, I can't tell you how I felt when he said that. Honest, I never before experienced such a feeling of relief, and joy, and Peace as—"

"Oh, but Judy! Surely you understand what he meant; he—"

"Of course he meant just what he said, and it is the only principle I can ever live by. You see—" she hesitated, "it's hard for me to explain, I—I'm afraid you won't understand."

"Go ahead," Bessie encouraged. "It's just that I've never known anyone the least bit like you before."

"I suppose that's true, and you see, it's just as hard for me to understand you—all of you, on this question of standards." It took only a moment for Judith to unlock her jewel case and slip two beautiful rings on her finger. As she held up her hand with its ruby and diamond for Bessie's inspection she said simply, "Now I have them on, and a moment ago I didn't, but I'm just the same—no better and no worse. How could they possibly make any difference?" She stood idly twisting the great diamond. "And of course, there's Joe; he's not an Adventist, but—well, he'll be more likely to be one with me than without me, and anyway he couldn't ever come between me and—well, what I got this morning."

"So now you know it all, Bessie. That is the decision I have come to, but don't explain to the others. They wouldn't understand, ever; and it would be so easy for them to misunderstand."

As she spoke, Judy began idly gathering up the pages of the letter to her mother. At last she glanced up apologetically at her silent room mate. "Sorry, Bessie dear, that I've made such a mess of trying to explain. Poor mother; it's quite a letter, isn't it? Most of it is about the change of the Sabbath. After all, it isn't a bad way to get a Bible doctrine's lesson."

But all of it wasn't about the change of the Sabbath, and Judy glanced anxiously through the first few pages again.

DEAREST MOTHER:

Well, it has happened—the very thing that you teasingly, mockingly warned me against just before you kissed me good-bye a few months ago. How we did laugh together at the suggestion that I might ever become a Seventh-Day Adventist. Well, Mother, I'm it. Head over heels, heart and soul. Just think, Mother, "the Gospel to all the world in this generation." Now I have something big enough to hold me. I'll be safe at home—there in Hollywood—now, but please don't send for me for I have so much to learn yet.

But don't worry, Mother, for I won't come home a bundle of inhibitions with religious scruples to interfere with almost everything. That isn't my idea of religion. It's positive to me—full of things to do instead of things not to do. I'll dress just as I always did and enjoy the same amusements with you and Constance and Joe. But Oh, I have so much to tell you about—

Judy skipped hurriedly through the letter, folded it carefully and slipped it in the big envelope. "Well, that's done," she commented in a satisfied tone with a glance at her roommate, "and I'm going to give a Bible reading at Pedley on this very subject tomorrow afternoon. You know I've been singing over there for the meetings and today I asked Richard if I couldn't go along tomorrow and help give out handbills."

"You're all right," commented Bessie as she snuggled down among the pillows, "but it's awfully dusty and remember there aren't any sidewalks."

"Oh, but I must know a lot before I go home Christmas."

Bessie sat up with a jerk. "You're some combination, Judy. Here you expect to convert your family and all your friends during the holidays and yet you are going to join with them in the social whirl, doing all the things that Adventists positively forbid. Adventists don't dance; they don't—"

"But, Bessie, we've discussed all that before. To me dancing has no more connection with religion than eating. My mother is the loveliest woman in all the world and I couldn't ever go anywhere, I couldn't stay at home without seeming odd, if I disapproved of these things. It's all in the way you've been raised, Bessie—how you look at it."

Bessie regarded her roommate for a long time, then she said simply, "You can't do these things and be a Christian. You just wait and see."

Judy answered the challenge with her head held high. "I'll come back from the holidays," she said confidently, "a better and stronger Christian than I am now."

* * *

Constance Atherton stood before her mother, tense and furious, her lips pressed into a thin, straight line. "I can't stand it another minute, Mother. If Judith goes to the Meredith dance tonight, I'll stay at home. She makes it so embarrassing. Why, she never talks about another thing but 'this generation' and 'the gospel to all the world,' and 'the population of India, and—Oh, I just can't stand it, Mother. And I don't know what Joe will ever say about the ring."

"The ring?" questioned Mrs. Atherton.

"Yes, didn't she tell you? Why, when she went to church Saturday there was a missionary from India who talked on the great needs of that field and Judy says that when she was getting the money she had out of her purse, she saw her two rings and what did she do but put them both in the collection plate."

"Oh, surely not," Mrs. Atherton interrupted.

"Yes, she did and she had to walk home because she hadn't saved a nickel for carfare. Dad wants to get her another just like it before Joe gets here but she says Joe will be glad, too, when he hears about the great need and it wouldn't do any good to get her another one because she might drop it in sometime, too. I don't know what has come over her or—"

Down the hall floated a rich contralto voice. It rang out strong and clear and every word could be heard distinctly:

"Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go,

Anywhere He leads me in this world below."

Mrs. Atherton looked at her radiant daughter as she appeared in the doorway and caught her breath sharply. She had not realized that Judith was so extravagantly beautiful. Under one bare white arm was tucked a small black book. Constance saw it instantly.

"Well, Judy, what in the world do you have there?"

"My Bible. You see, I was talking with Dick and somehow I couldn't find the texts I wanted. I got all mixed up, but maybe you think I haven't studied today, though. Anyway I'm taking my Bible along and—"

"Oh, but Judy! You can't do that. I never head of anyone taking a Bible to a dance."

"Well, I don't see why not."

"Don't be silly, Judy. Mother, she can't do that, can she?"

"Why, Judy dear, I believe Constance is right." At sight of her daughter's face, Mrs. Atherton searched hurriedly for a reason. "You see, the Bible is a sacred book. I am certain it would not be appropriate to read it to the accompaniment of jazz and boisterous laughter. It seems to me that it would be almost sacrilegious to take your Bible to a dance."

As her mother spoke, a queer expression came into Judy's eyes. An intense, strained silence followed. At last Judy said simply, "I—I guess you're right, Mother; I hadn't realized." Then she turned quickly toward the door. Don't wait for me, Constance; I'm not going."

"Why not?" her sister demanded.

"Oh, it's just that I couldn't ever go any place where it would be sacrilegious to take my Bible." Then she was gone, and Mrs. Atherton and Constance stared at each other in a bewildered manner.

A moment later, from the hall above, a clear, sweet voice floated down the stairs.

"Anywhere with Jesus," the voice sang on, joyously, triumphantly.

It was Constance who spoke first. "But whatever will Joe say when he arrives tomorrow?"

But Joe waited until evening to say it. All afternoon he had been observing Judy, and now here she was sitting opposite him in a plain dark dress. It seemed to Joe that he had never done quite so much listening. At last he broke in, "But look here, Judy; I don't understand you at all. After all, this is my first evening in a good many months and—well, you seem so different. Now that dress for instance—"

Judith smiled. "It's one of my very brightest ideas," she explained. "I don't want to sound egotistical, but you do have such a flattering way, Joe, of sitting and just looking and looking at me and answering vaguely 'yes' or 'go on,' and never hearing a word I say. Tonight, you see, I wanted you to listen to what I had to say rather than to look at me. And it has worked beautifully. You got it all. I didn't come between you and my message. I never before realized what a difference clothes make."

"Well, you're a funny girl, I must say—rather be listened to than looked at."

Judy laughed happily. "I guess that's right. It's rather a new discovery for me, too. But somehow this truth has such a grip on me, and I'm so anxious to get into the mission field that—well, I suppose I have sort of lost interest in myself—that's all. India is where I shall go. I like to think that our ring is over there already, and now that you are practically through your medical course—"

(Continued on page 88)



Those

Who

Graduate



Seniors

MOTTO: *Out of the Harbor Into the Deep.*

AIM: *Victory.*

COLORS: *Pansy and Pearl.*

CLASS SPONSORS: *Pauline Sturges, Keld J. Reynolds.*

CLASS PRESIDENT: *Otto L. Nieman.*



OTTO L. NIEMAN
Class President

"A Christian is the highest type of man."

ERNESTINE GEORGE
Vice-President of the Senior Class

"The most manifest sign of wisdom is continual cheerfulness."

GRACE RISINGER
Class Secretary

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

HAROLD C. BLACK
Class Treasurer

"Honor lies in honest toil."

STEPHEN PRITCHARD
Class Chaplain

"Then on, then on where duty leads,
my course be onward still."

DOROTHY PRITCHARD

"Real coolness and self-possession are the indispensable accompanists of a sincere heart."





ROBERT L. BRIDGMAN
Business Manager El Serrano

"Character is a perfectly educated will."

MARJORIE WHITNEY

"Wise to resolve and patient to perform."

LULA ROTH

"Zealous yet modest."

MILDRED McREYNOLDS

"In character, manner, style, in all things, the supreme excellence in simplicity."

ESTHER DUCE

"Goodness is beauty in its best estate."

NORMAN A. ROGERS

"The law of true living is toil."

PAUL E. WILLIAMS

"Cool and deliberate, a steady man
is he."

ORPHA ELWOOD

"What sweet delight a quiet life
affords."

HELEN SNOW

"Her eyes were fair,
Her beauty made me glad."

INEZ KINCH

"Whose smile, the sound of whose voice,
whose very presence seems like a ray of
sunshine to turn everything to gold."

MURIEL FAUBION

"Her eyes as stars, like twilight fair;
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair."

AGNES NASH

Assistant Art Editor El Serrano

"The life of an artist is one of thought."





MYRTLE E. EDMUNDSON

"Happiness is the natural form of duty."

ANITA C. KELLEY

"The cheerful live longest in years and afterward in our regard."

RUTH BEASLEY

"Good humor is the health of the soul."

MYRTLE GARVIN

"Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow, bright with intelligence and fair and smooth."

HELEN ERKENBECK

"Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty itself."

RAYMOND F. COTTRELL
Photo Editor El Serrano

"Genius is the highest type of reason,
talent the highest type of understanding."

LEORA STRONG

"Gentle words, great words, are after all
the most powerful words."

FERN GALBRAITH

"A sweet heart, lifting cheerfulness
Like the spring time of the year
Seemed ever on her steps to wait."

LORENA BLEHM

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half-hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."

DOROTHY HANKINS

"The gay, serene spirit is the source of
all that is noble and good."

DOROTHY GOSS

"They say that black brows and hair
become a woman best."





ELMER KUNKLE

"The more we do the more we can do."

PIEDAD VALDIVIESO

"Ah—well that in the wintry hour
The heart can sing a summer song."

MARY McREYNOLDS

"Let us then be what we are, speak what
we think, and in all things keep our-
selves loyal to truth."

LYDIA ALBERTSEN

"The world is so full of a number of
things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as
kings."

IRENE NEUMAN

"I shall think—and thought is silence."

JOHN MANNING

"Youth — all possibilities are in thy
hands."

EUGENE WEAVER

"A brave man is clear in his discourse
and keeps close to truth."

VERA WAYMAN

"Those who bring sunshine into the lives
of others cannot keep it from them-
selves."

GRACE COOPER

"To live with a high ideal is a successful
life."

GRACE SQUIER

"For all that is fair is by nature good."

ALMA NEPHEW

"She doeth little kindnesses which others
leave undone or despise."

RAY PELLOW

"A man remarkable for his practical
virtues."





CHARLES L. MERCER

Advertising Manager El Serrano

"He was ever precise in promise keeping."

DELPHA MARCHUS

Literary Editor El Serrano

"The light of love, the purity of grace;
The mind, the music breathing from her
face;
The heart, whose softness harmonized
the whole,
And, Oh, the eye was in itself a soul."

VINA GOERGESON

"In every gesture dignity and love."

ETHEL HAWKINS

"True to her word, her work, her
friends and her God."

VIVIAN MERRYWEATHER

"What is becoming is honorable and
what is honorable is becoming."

CHARLES L. NOGGLE

"A good manner springs from a good
heart and our manners are the outcome
of unselfish kindness."

CLIFFORD RAGSDALE

"A silent tongue and a true heart are
the most admirable things on earth."

IRENE SMITH

"Grace was in all her steps—heaven in
her eye."

MRS. HOWARD MILLER

MRS. H. D. CASEBEER

Pictures not finished.

DOROTHY STEEN

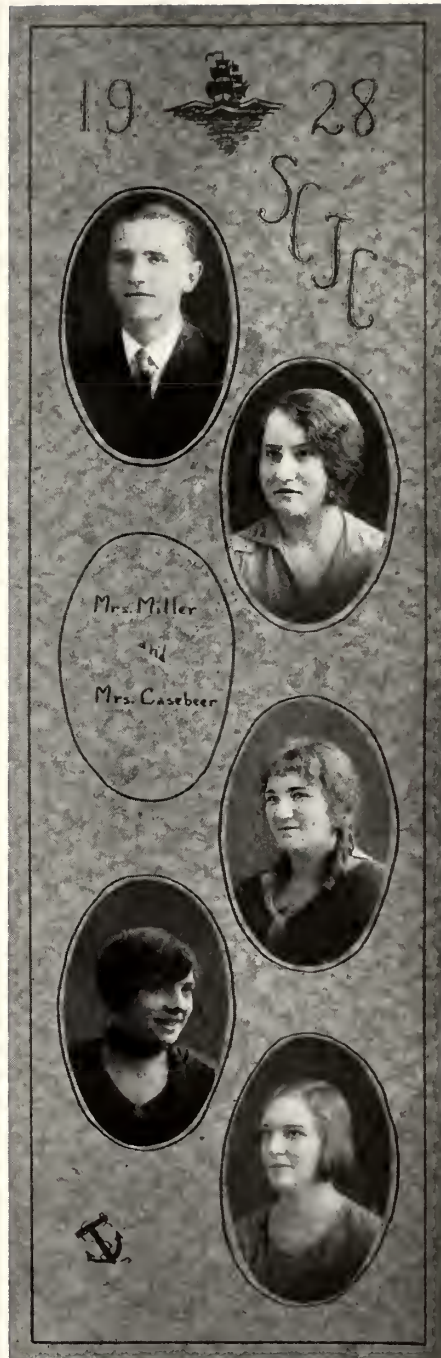
"As merry as the day is long."

WILLA RUBLE

"God bless the good natured, for they
bless everybody else."

RAMONA STEEN

"Such harmony in motion, speech and
air,
That without fairness she was more than
fair."





TIRZAH JOHNSON
Class Editor El Serrano

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant too, to think on."

OREN LACEY

"Everything in this world depends
upon will."

STELLA PETERSEN

"A face with gladness overspread,
Soft smiles by human kindness bred."

NORMAL MUSIC

ELEANOR WENTWORTH
Associate Editor El Serrano

"Nature was here so lavish with her
store,
That she bestowed until she had no
more."

NORMAL GRADUATES

OMA GENTRY

"Simplicity and plainness are the soul of
elegance."

MYRTLE WILLIAMS

"She worked with patience which
seemed almost power."

ETHEL NASH

"Not so much beautiful features as a beautiful soul can make a beautiful face."

ELSIE REYNOLDS

Art Editor El Serrano

"So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good, so patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure."

LOIS GIDDINGS

In memoriam.

Death took her from us just before the crowning triumph of her school year—graduation. One of the greatest, yet one of the most appealing Christian influences in the school, the memory of her will not soon pass away.

CLEO FENDERSON

Circulation Manager El Serrano

"A friend whose love you know will last."

MRS. MABLE PIERCE

"She spake unto every heart; her words carried new strength and courage."

JUNIOR MINISTERIAL

TITUS A. FRAZEE

Editor El Serrano

"He takes things as they come but things usually come his way if he wants them to."



Class Song

Elsie Reynolds *Lorena Blehm*

Out of the harbor into the deep — Leave La Sierra trying to keep
 Out of the harbor into the deep — Life's a rough sea, no time now to sleep.
 Beautiful shore we know we shall fight, Beautiful shore where all things are bright.

All of her teachings deep in our hearts As our dear class of twenty-eight starts.
 Truly our school a harbor has been; Now to our work with victories to win.
 Labor and wait with pilot to guide Straight to that shore, and there we'll abide.

Cho
 Victory's waiting victory I sure, We must sail on with aim to endure.

Colors are waving far up above, Colors with meaning, colors we love,
 Colors we're proud of, watch them unfurl! See them, I say, our pansy and pearl!

Class Poem

By LORENA BLEHM

'Twas on a sunny afternoon,
I started for a walk;
The breezes gently swayed the trees,
And birds to me did talk.

I slowly up the pathway went,
As oft I'd gone before,
But beauties which had absent seemed
Were hid from sight no more.

I saw a partly torn-down wall,
And, as I stepped to right,
A climbing vine just loaded with
Sweet peas, purple and white.

At once my mind to school days flashed,
No memory was late;
For these were made class flower by
Seniors of twenty-eight.

I took a few more steps and then
Against this wall I leaned
To think; for all those happy days
Came back to me, it seemed.

The years we spent in our dear school
Were full of joy 'tis true,
But from this harbor we must sail
Into the deep so blue.

To work for the dear Lord we love,
E'en though our feet we bruise,
So "Out of the harbor into the deep,"
As motto we did choose.

The pansy and the pearl we wore,
Our colors to display;
With pride we waved them high and
vowed
To true and loyal stay.

As emblem a large ship we chose
So sturdy, strong and true;
The twenty-eight high on the mast
Will shine the ages through.

Our school we never can forget,
Though far from it we be,
So on this emblem was inscribed
Our name S. C. J. C.

While working in this world, our field,
The trials day by day
Demand that "Victory" we have,
So this our aim will stay.

At last when this fair dream had passed
I conscious grew and learned
That evening shades were falling fast,
So homeward then I turned.

As swiftly I retraced my steps
Of parents dear I thought,
And of the many lessons that
In youth to us they taught.

They, with our teachers, labored hard
To help us lessons learn
And principles of truth to gain,
That we'd for right stand firm.

Our classmates filled our lives with joy—
Yes, all along the way.
And many times we wished we might
Together always stay.

Farewell is very hard to say—
A word we do not love.
We hope to meet where 'twill not be
In that fair home above.

1928 Senior Picnic



Sporting



Sponsor



Breakfast



By the lake



Dinner



Prof. cleaning nettles



Dressed for fun



Prof. and wife



by the lake



Up in the world

We like woods and walks



Officers' Boat



Coming home



On the lake

S
C
J
C

1
9
2
8



Comfortable and happy



Strangers and we took them in.



Breakfast fire



President's Address

OTTO L. NIEMAN



RADUATION night has come! How our happy hearts thrill within us! It has been with the greatest of anticipation that we have looked forward to this present moment. We are glad to extend to each one of you a hearty welcome in sharing with us the pleasures of this hour. Friends, your presence here tonight proves the depth of your interest in our efforts of the past years that culminate on this happy occasion. And to you, dear parents, our hearts warm with gratitude and appreciation to know that you have such an interest to sacrifice for us in such an unselfish way.

Tonight we weigh anchor and launch out into the deep. We have been in the harbor building our ship "Character" to sail on life's ocean. Many are the storms that we expect to meet so we have been careful to put only the best into this ship. One defective piece of material might cause the wreck if not the eternal loss of this ship. And finally when the deep waters are crossed and the high, threatening waves are passed, it should steadily sail into the calm, placid waters of the desired Haven of Rest. We realize that we are without the experience that it takes to safely pilot this ship. And should we even try, soon the storm would come and the merciless waves would cast us upon the rocks of ruin. There is a Master Pilot to show us the way!

In a certain museum there is a statue called the "Winged Victory of Samothrace." It is an alert figure, tense, eager, poised, ready for action—forward action. In a certain sense this is symbolic of this age of victory and conquest. Man has even harnessed the gigantic forces of nature and makes them work for him. But this statue in the sack of some ancient city has lost its head—this too has a very significant application. Man has done marvelous things; daily he is doing things that are astounding. He is suffering from undigested achievements, and has become drunk with the sense of power. Like the "Winged Victory" he is poised for flight, but has no head because he has rejected God.

Tonight we are eager and ready for forward action. We have some achievements to look to but they are small compared with the things of God, and we must keep our head. We know that it is not possible for us to do this of ourselves so we have chosen the Saviour for our pilot. Without Him, the best aim would be worthless as we would be unable to reach it. Destruction and eternal loss would be our fate. The storms may come and the waves beat high but as He stilled the tempest on blue Galilee He will command the sea and sky to obey His voice and be calm.

With such a pilot as the "Man of Calvary" we rest assured that we shall safely pass the treacherous shoals and weather the fiercest storms and at last sail into the Haven of Rest. With our precious cargo on board we go "Out of the Harbor into the Deep" confident of "Victory."

Eighth Grade Seniors

FARMAN LEE, *President*

EDITH WATKINS, *Secretary*

Sarita Nydell

Hubert Roderick

Violet Giddings

Grace Chronister

Ralph Giddings

Virginia Snyder

Stewart Bailey

Harlan Johnson



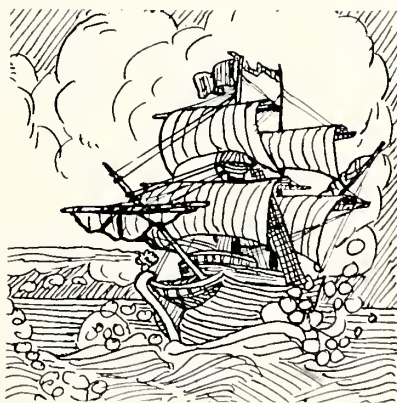
CLASS COLORS: *Old Rose and Dawn.*

MOTTO: *"We have climbed to the foothills, the mountains are before us."*

AIM HIGHER



*Those
Who
Hope
To
Graduate*



A Real Diary by a Real Junior

APRIL 9.—What is it all about? Here I am a Junior and I'd hardly realize it. Tonight Professor Ruble called a Junior meeting. I didn't know if I should go or not, but I saw most of the school going so I went along. MY, what a time we had! There were 85 votes cast for president and 85 folks were nominated for the presidency. I voted for Alice. She's my roommate and pretty, too, so even when the rest gave in and only three names were left to be voted on I still voted for Alice. It got so late we had to adjourn. I hope Alice gets it.

APRIL 16.—Tonight we tried again. Alice got three votes and I am so happy. But what do you think, they put in an old married man for president?

Clifford brought Professor Ruble a pie so in case the meeting were prolonged he wouldn't have to go without his supper. He would have enjoyed a drink more, I am inclined to believe—the meeting was so dry.

APRIL 30.—Parliamentary law! Willis Risinger got up in meeting today and began raving about it. He said that we needed a competent parliamentarian and that he was it. He actually got it. Everybody thought he was cute when he talked about himself. I didn't see anything so funny about it. I thought it stupid of him, but he *is* a good boy.


MAY 7.—At last! After weeks, and days, and hours we know what we're going to do. For so long we've planned on entertaining the Seniors, but we didn't know when we could do it. We've been promised Sunday the thirteenth and we are sure we will have a fine time. I know all about what we will have to eat because Alice is on the "eats" committee. We're not going to have potato salad nor beans either.

MAY 14.—My, what a time we had yesterday! We went to Lytle Creek. The transportation committee had us all safely hauled up there on auto trucks. The program committee kept us highly entertained all day. Johnnie Baerg got hit with the ball and everybody laughed, but I felt sorry for him. I ran to tell Mr. Reynolds that Winston hit Johnnie with the ball and all he said was, "Well, that was a pretty good shot." Alice thinks he said that because Johnnie is so thin.

There was nothing in class meeting this afternoon that is worth while remembering so I don't write more now only I want to tell you, dear little diary, that I have a confession to make. At first I felt that we Academic Juniors were just a little better than the College Juniors and that we were all better than the Seniors, but I've changed my mind. I love them all. So does Alice.



Sophomore Log

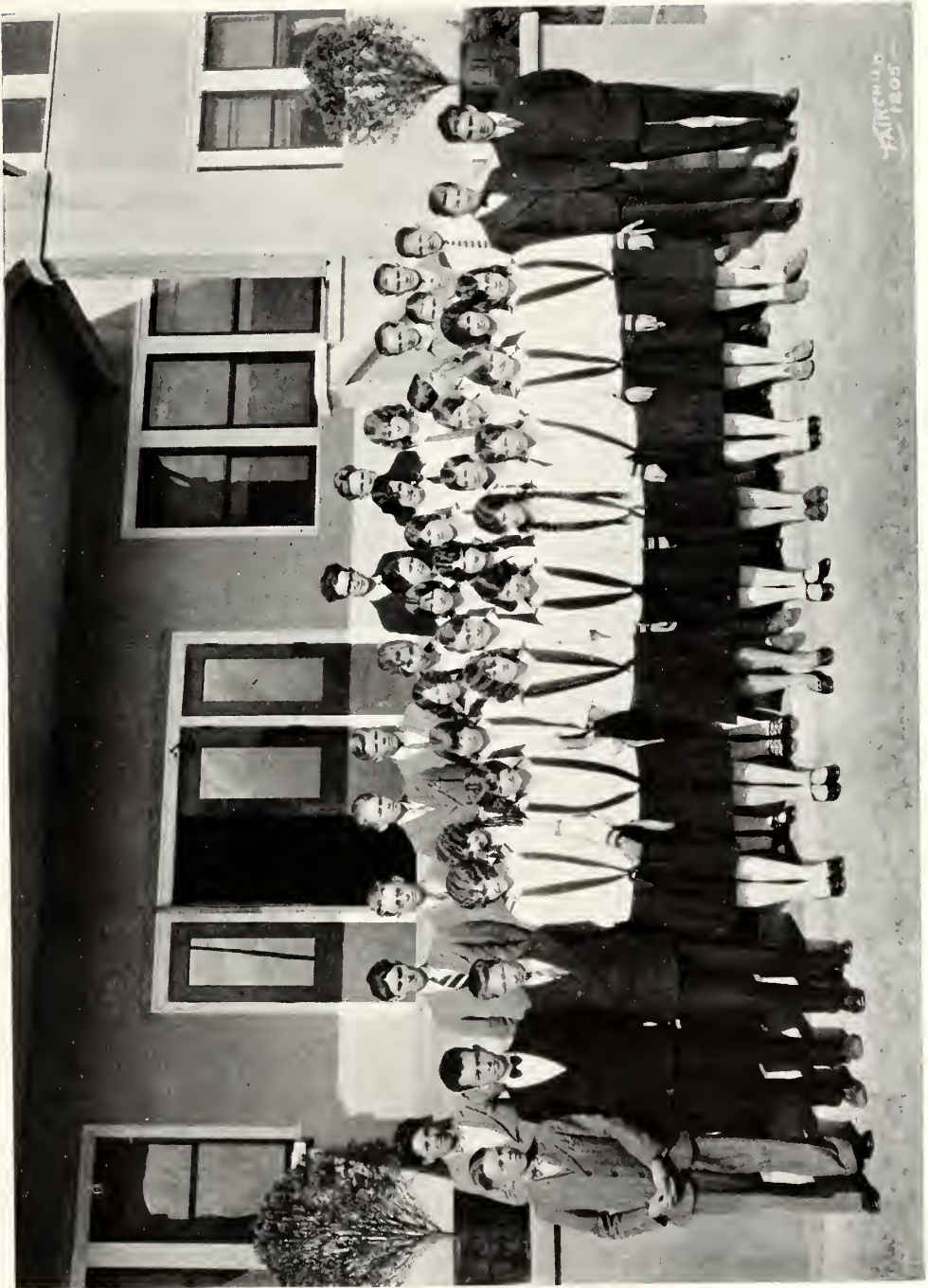
E embarked on the sea of Academic life September 15, 1926. Did not make much progress the first two weeks because of adverse circumstances in the form of the tossing billows of registration. Took on board several efficient pilots, among whom were Professor Reynolds, Miss Sturges, and Mrs. Bridgeman, to guide us through the uncharted waters.

By February 1, the ship had covered exactly one-half of its initial voyage. Unfortunately some of the passengers lost some honor points overboard, but happily our ship is not a Cunarder and no records for safe passage were broken.

Comparatively smooth sailing was encountered after the first three months. The passengers occasionally sighted some big Senior fish, once in a while one came within hailing distance of some Juniors, while they were constantly diverted by floundering Freshmen.

At the end of the cruise the captain reports that in contradiction to all the laws of physics, chemistry, sociology, gymnastics, and gastronomy, the good ship Sophomore is in better condition at the end of her voyage than when she left Port Freshman.





FAIRCHILD
1905

Freshmen

Free from the burdens of the grades we enter upon a new career—happy and overflowing with energy; with ambition to show the other classes that we are not as green as we look.

Recent marks show us up in our true light. It is remarkable, however, the dignity we can load upon our frail shoulders and carry it.

Easy were our lessons to begin with and before we knew it our first six weeks' examinations were ready for us. All entered into it with enthusiasm.

Sincere and true were all our teachers, but there is one disappointing feature; they didn't seem to notice that we were different from anyone else, but we knew better.

Honest, you didn't find many of us sliding down the banisters, and very few of us went to classes chewing gum.

Many were the anxious moments when we heard that some of our members were to be honored by serving the Seniors. We were happy to fill a niche in their many happy activities.

Anxiousness was over when we were told we would not have to take final examinations because our grades were high enough to excuse us. Not so bad for Freshmen!

Now, more than once our hearts have been thrilled with the thought that we will not much longer be Freshmen but merge, as it were, into Sophomores, and then only a short time until we will be Seniors. We're glad we're Freshmen now!







We
Learn
From
These





The College Board

Back Row: Hanf Von Hofgaarden, Long Beach; W. L. Avery, Educational Secretary Southern California Conference; B. M. Emerson, Secretary-Treasurer Pacific Union Conference; H. M. Johnson, Farm Manager Southern California Junior College; J. A. Burden, Manager Paradise Valley Sanitarium.

Middle Row: W. W. Ruble, President Southern California Junior College; F. F. Abbott, M. D., Ontario; H. B. Thomas, Secretary-Treasurer Southeastern California Conference; J. E. Fulton, President Pacific Union Conference; P. E. Brodersen, President Southern California Junior College Board.

Front Row: F. T. Oakes, Manager Southern California Junior College; H. G. Lucas, Educational Secretary Pacific Union Conference; Glen A. Calkins, President Southeastern California Conference; S. Donaldson, Secretary-Treasurer Southern California Conference.



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An education which teaches one to be a Christian.

An education which draws all its knowledge from the source of all knowledge.

An education which recognizes no wisdom outside of Christ.

An education which admits no learning but that which comes from above.

An education which transforms the character, changes the life, and shows one the way to Christ.

An education which prepares the garden of the heart for the seeds of truth.

An education which draws the mind to think, the hand to work, and the heart to love.

An education which prepares one for this life, for death, and for life after the resurrection.

An education which is complete in every detail, which meets every human need.

An education which teaches one to respect himself, to love his neighbor, and to serve his God.

An education which recognizes Christ as the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, the Creator of everything, the Redeemer of the human race.

Such is Christian Education

Complete in its designer

Complete in its aim

Complete in its object

Complete in its products

All-comprehending in its results and perfect, in that it comes from the hand of Him who makes no mistakes.

—W. W. RUBLE.





W. W. RUBLE, A.B., *President*

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Dean of the School of Theology

"To obtain an education worthy of the name, we must receive a knowledge of God, the Creator, and of Christ, the Redeemer, as they are revealed in the sacred word."



K. M. ADAMS
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MRS. F. T. OAKES
Dean of Women

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Department of History

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Department of English

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Department of Education

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"Your health is your greatest treasure."





H. M. JOHNSON
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G. E. STEARNS
Farm Superintendent

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RUTH HAVSTAD

Voice

Before song, all the world becomes democrat for with song every nation reveals its folk lore and strengthens its patriotic appeal; every religion unfolds its ideals of prayer and praise; and every lover finds expression of his sentiment. The conflicts and growths of a people are preserved in their songs.



MRS. F. W. BALDWIN

Piano

The aim of the music department is to train those who study to become intellectual musicians; to develop the heart side of this art; to teach them to think and feel through the medium of music, and to dedicate this greatest of all gifts to the service of God. From a spiritual standpoint the power of music is beyond estimate. Many a soul has been won to Christ through the influence of a Spirit-filled song. Music, both vocal and instrumental, forms an important part of public worship. Our deepest emotions and loftiest aspirations are given truest expression in music.



MRS. W. W. RUBLE

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MAY COLE-KUHN
 Department of Language

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 Mrs. H. D. Casebeer and Mr. A. H.
 Field after the return of Mrs. Kuhn
 to mission work.



MRS. C. R. LAGOURGUE
 Matron

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 pend on proper nutrition."



MRS. N. H. RISINGER
 Manager of Laundry

"The hands should be educated as
 well as the brain."

FLORENCE KIME-ADAMS

Grades 1, 2, 3

"Children should be educated in
childlike simplicity."



MRS. FRANCES C. RAGSDALE

Grades 4, 5, 6

"Parents and teachers should aim so
to cultivate the tendencies of the youth
that at each stage of life they may rep-
resent the beauty appropriate to that
period, unfolding naturally, as do the
plants in the garden."

ALICE NIELSEN

Grades 7, 8

"The heart of youth is tender and
easily impressed."





Departments

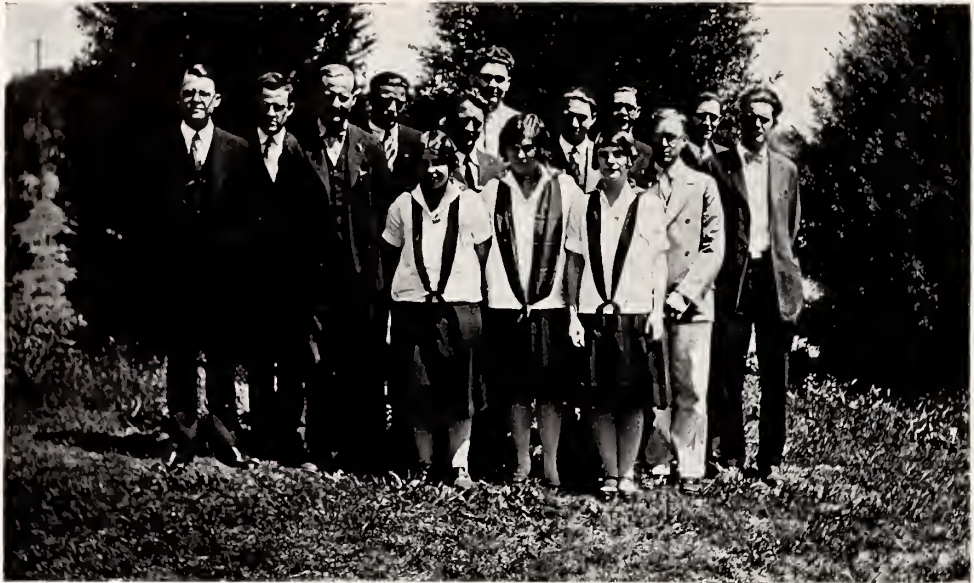
BIBLE		
Elder Llewellyn A. Wilcox, Th.B.		Kay M. Adams, A.B.
ENGLISH		
Pauline Sturges, A.B.		Nola B. Wallack, A.B.
LANGUAGE		
May Cole-Kuhn, A.B.		Mrs. H. D. Casebeer, A. H. Field
HISTORY		
Keld J. Reynolds, A.B.		
SCIENCE AND MATHEMATICS		
Lilah G. Godfrey, B.S.		
EDUCATION		
Maybel Jensen, A.B.		Mrs. Frances C. Ragsdale
Alice Nielsen		Florence Kime-Adams
COMMERCIAL		
Minnie Belle Scott, A.B.		Frankie McCutchen
HOME ECONOMICS		
Mrs. Marie Reynolds		
MUSIC		
Ruth Havstad		Frances L. Brown
Mrs. F. W. Baldwin, A.B.		
INDUSTRIAL		
F. T. Oakes		
AGRICULTURAL		
H. M. Johnson, A.B., M.S.		G. E. Stearns
WOODWORK		
Howard Miller, A.B.		
PRINTING		
Titus A. Frazee		







TOP: Sewing, Mrs. Marie Reynolds, Instructor
 MIDDLE: Domestic Science, Mrs. Marie Reynolds, Instructor
 BOTTOM: Dining Room Workers, Mrs. C. R. Lagourgue



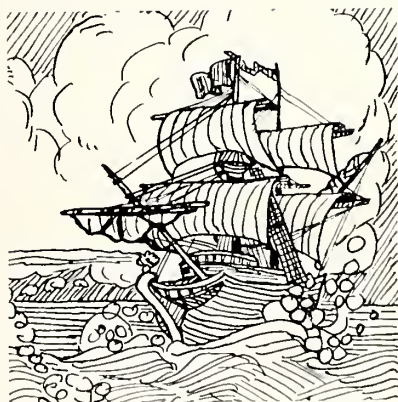
SALESMANSHIP



Printing

Among other new departments this year is the department of printing which is under the direction of Mr. Titus A. Frazee. The instructor comes from wide experience in commercial printing and some twenty students have been learning this art.

ACTIVITIES



Cushi Staff

The College Cushi is published twice monthly throughout the school year and has a circulation of over 1300.



WILLIS RISINGER
Editor-in-Chief



STAFF



The Southern California Junior College Glee Clubs (both men and women) have finished a very successful year of programs and special music. The college, though not large, can boast of musical ability equalling the larger institutions. The Glee Club perhaps as much as any one independent factor has won friends for the college and created a great deal of interest. Director, Ruth Havstad.



COLLEGE QUARTET

The Seminar



HERE are many, many things that go to make up the week's program at our college; but of the things outside of the curriculum the Seminar holds first place as being the most important. We often wonder when every moment of each day is full, how anything else can be crowded in; but the Seminar is an island on a stormy sea, an oasis on a desert.

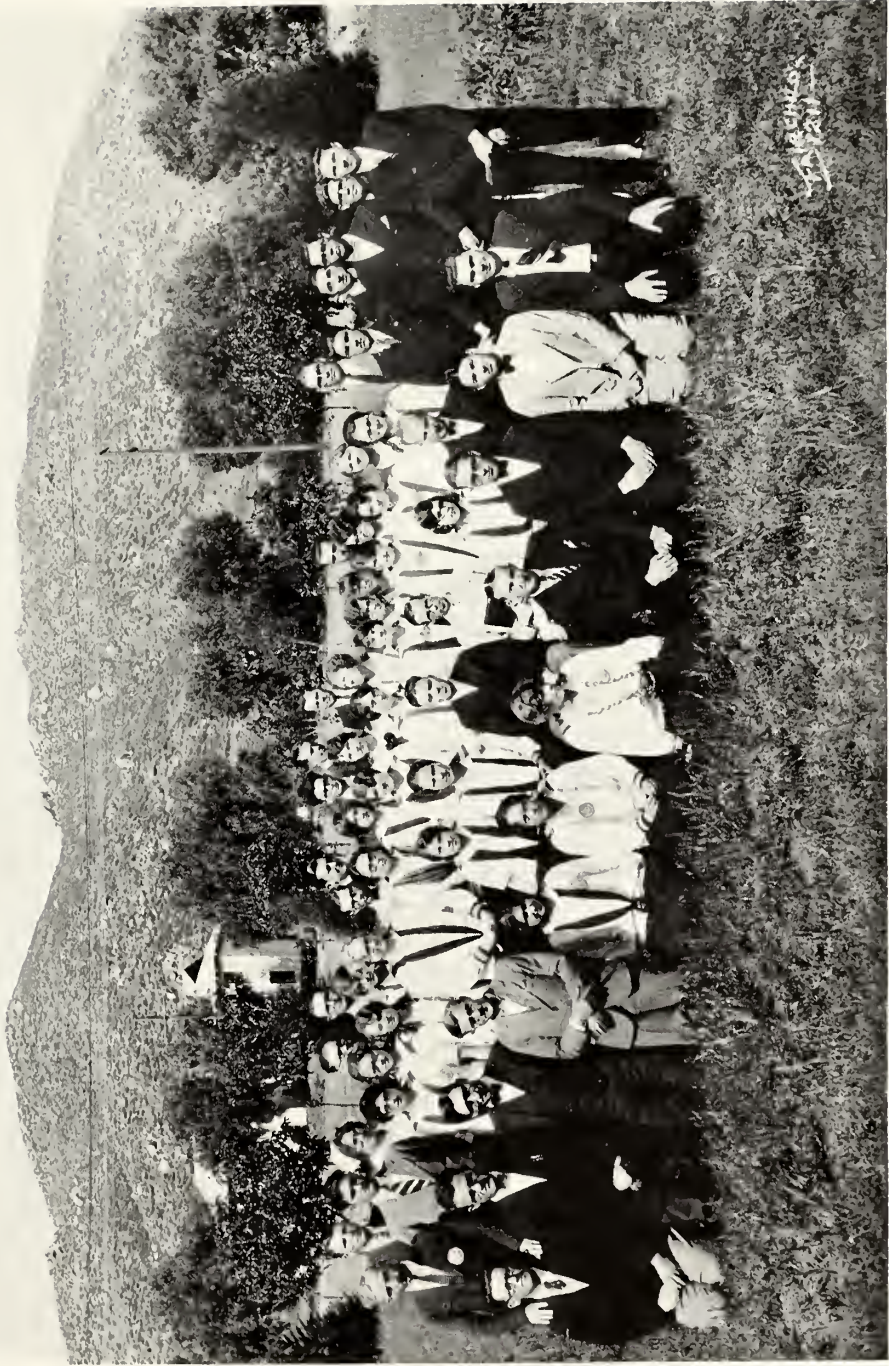
The fifty-two members who meet from week to week in that "upper room" have surely had a taste of things heavenly for each Friday evening brings new burdens and also new strength to carry them.

Some of the members know the joy of soul winning for an interest has been aroused in the Pedley district which has already resulted in the organizing of a Sabbath school. At first the Sabbath school was held in a chicken house for want of a better place. But even under such adverse circumstances the interest has grown and now the services are held in the school auditorium.

The Pastoral Training class under the supervision of Elder L. A. Wilcox, Dean of Theology and Pastor, has conducted a series of meetings in the school auditorium at Pedley. The interest that has been aroused is very great and a church will be organized there soon. The auditorium has been crowded with eager listeners and at times some have had to stand because of the lack of room. The music for the effort has been furnished from our department of Vocal thus giving field experience to music students.

As a result of the organization of the Seminar, the spiritual welfare of the whole Student Body has been better. Those present will never forget the fall week of prayer because of the manifestation of the Holy Spirit in our midst. Each morning and each evening the members of the Seminar met for a season of prayer. Direct results were in evidence from the work thus carried on by the students. The Seminar members are receiving an experience in the field that will enable them to go out, when their school is finished, into the great work of the Master that is to be finished in this generation.





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There are 35 churches in the Conference with a total membership of 3838. There are 38 Sabbath Schools, 26 church schools with an enrollment of 914. In addition, the Southern California Junior College and La Sierra Academy with an attendance of over 300, or a grand total of over 1200 of our children and youth in our own schools.

Two sanitariums are located in this conference, namely, the Loma Linda Sanitarium and the Paradise Valley Sanitarium. Each Sanitarium operates a splendid nurse's training school. In addition, the College of Medical Evangelists is located at Loma Linda.

The Southeastern California Conference has a splendid record in the giving of offerings for missions, never having failed to reach their sixty-cent-a-week goal. All our workers have the evangelistic spirit in their hearts and continually there are strong efforts being held in different portions of this field. The officers of the Conference, including departmental heads, as well as every worker, stand ready at any time to serve the laity in any way possible; and our determination is that the year 1928 and 1929 will be the greatest soul winning year in our history.

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Colporteur Activities



Prominent among the activities of the school has been the colporteur band, sponsored by the students, the local and union field secretaries, and by the Salesmanship class. A class of twenty have studied the principles of Gospel Salesmanship and have gone out even during the school year in actual field work. Last summer Edna Ferguson earned a Life and Health Scholarship which gained for her and the school the distinction of having the only Life and Health scholarship in the denomination. Henry Baerg and Lula Rooth also earned scholarships during the past summer.

Due to good organization and trained students over 400 sets of Big week books were sold this year during the campaign. A number of students go forth to the fields during the summer ahead.



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"As the Twig Is Bent—"

(Continued from page 11)

being glow with health. But the physical change was not as important as the mental and moral. Honesty he had come to look upon as a virtue instead of an unaccountable thing. Dependability had been fostered by his work; for he was working hard and learning not to disdain work that soiled one's hands. He was not drawing on his reserve strength as he had been doing; each night's sleep was sufficient to rejuvenate his tired body and prepare him for the next day's work. Pounds of muscle, inches in stature, and clearness of mentality had been added to him. There was a straighter look in his eye.

And all this time his spiritual nature developed and unfolded. At the time of his entry into school life he was an absolute stranger to Christ, but now it seemed that that great love had penetrated the hard crust that he had built around himself.

As time wore on he gradually, almost imperceptibly, softened in his dealings with others. There was a greater warmth inside him and contact with him engendered a responsive warmth in the hearts of his friends. He seemed to realize more and more the meaning of true humility, love and service. The Word of God had a greater meaning to him now. It meant peace and joy, not the sensual short-lived joy of the world, but the deep, peaceful joy of a knowledge of sure salvation.

At last the school term came to an end. Immediately afterwards camp-meeting started. The boy, hardly a boy any longer, had planned to stay at school and work during the summer. He went to the evening meetings. The Spirit of God entered his heart more than ever before. "Baptism," he thought to himself, "is my next step." However, he told no one of the contemplated move until a call for the interested ones was made. He was one of the first, for his mind was fully made up.

His heart was light and full of song after this. He knew he would have to stand for Christ and he was glad of the chance. It meant a great deal, the privilege of belonging to Jesus, and he counted it sacred above all things. Eagerly he attended the baptismal classes, nothing could be in his life that would displease the Master.

The day came, a warm day, with warm parching winds. He was calm and very happy. The three-minute talk with his pastor, then into the car and away. The interminable wait (it seemed hours, but it was probably less than fifteen minutes), and it was his turn.

He was in the little room behind the baptistry. The last young man came in, dripping but radiant. He was next. He went out the door and climbed the cement steps behind the baptistry, and went down into the water. An inexplicable feeling filled him, not of fear, but a sort of bashfulness, but the thought of the symbolism of the ceremony held him up. The pastor of the church stood beside him, speaking.

"My son," he said—how deep and solemn his voice was, and how still the church—the boy was not listening; he had heard it before. His attention came back as the minister paused impressively and then went on, "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." He was under the water for an instant, then was raised

and set upright on his feet. The minister helped him go out, up the cement steps; someone gave him a towel, and he went back to the dressing-room. He was happier than ever before.

When he came out from the room the congregation was singing. It was a familiar piece, very familiar, but he liked it not for its familiarity. It was the one that starts:

"I was sinking deep in sin,
Far from the peaceful shore—"

It brought back a vision of himself, sitting on the edge of a bed. A host of other memories flocked after the first one, and he was glad that he had been sent to so fine a school as the Southern California Junior College, even against his natural inclinations. For he realized that he had received the right start in this place and that the right start has everything to do with the whole life.



"They Will Take Care of Themselves"

(Continued from page 17)

Joe moved uneasily. "You'll get over this craze in a week or so, Judy, and be your old self again. At least I hope so."

Her response was a low, hurt cry. "Oh, no, no I won't ever. You don't understand."

"I'm sorry, Judy," Joe spoke slowly, thoughtfully, "but I guess I won't ever understand. I'm going in under Dr. Peterson, the brain specialist, as soon as I'm graduated. It's a piece of luck for me. So you see," now he spoke lightly, teasingly, with a note of confidence. "I guess it will have to be either India or me."

Judy sat very still for a moment, then she said simply, "I see," and she did see clearly though it had grown quite dark on the porch.

* * *

When Judith dropped her suitcase at the door and faced Bessie once more in Room 37, her head was held high and there was a thrilling joy in her voice. "I said I'd come back from my vacation a better Christian than I went," was her opening remark, "and I have."

Bessie, looking at her, could not doubt the statement. "So I was wrong," she questioned, "when I said you couldn't do those things and be a Christian?"

Judy laughed happily and lifted her small, soft hat from her head. "You just quoted it wrong, that's all," she explained. "You should have said, 'If you are a Christian you can't do those things.'"

Bessie regarded her roommate with a puzzled expression. Suddenly, Judy was very serious. She slipped her arm affectionately around her roommate. "You see, Bessie, Elder Burton was right. 'All you have to do is to give yourself wholly to Christ; you need not worry about standards—they will take care of themselves.'"



Student Government in South Hall



EARLY in the first semester of the school year, the boys living in the boys' dormitory established a system of self-government. The idea of Student Body government has been tried before without much success, but this year it was excellently supported.

The government was divided into two essential parts: the legislative department, which takes care of new laws, regulations, and all such matters; and the court, which settles the fate of those who deem it unnecessary to obey these rules, who miss worship without a legitimate excuse, or who commit misdeeds too small to go before the faculty. Corporals are appointed to keep order in the dormitory. When someone refuses to observe the rules, the corporal appears against him in court, which convenes every Monday night. If the accused is found guilty of the misdemeanor with which he is charged, he is sentenced by the judge to a stated amount of work or "free labor," or to a period of campus-binding. Campus-binding is only used in a serious case that demands more than mere free labor. Happily, the cases where its use is necessary are few and far between.

Under the demerit system, which was the former method of punishment for misdeeds, there was a great deal of chance to make a mistake. The present system has much advantage over the old demerit system in that there is a greater opportunity for absolute fairness; there is a real punishment in the shape of physical effort, and there is much less complaint over partiality, injustice and mistakenness. When someone gets a demerit (or perhaps several) and complains bitterly of the preceptor's unreasoning dislike, he soon gathers around him a small crowd of sympathizers, friends, and fellows in misery. These listen to his tale of woe and offer sympathy. In a school like ours, cooperation is absolutely necessary, and such a clique does not blend with the Student Body very well.

But every one helps to elect the judge. Naturally, anyone who does not abide by the judge's decision is looked upon as a poor sport, for he has given power to him and then denies the power. Public opinion is against the kicker.

And so every boy in the dormitory finds it to his profit to be good. If goodness is not in his nature, he finds that it is a good thing to pay the penalty.











